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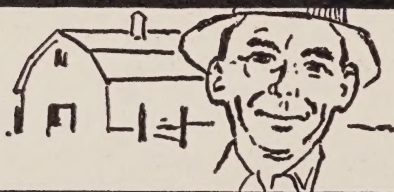




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mountain echoes

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EDITORIAL

THE PROBLEM CHILD OF TODAY IS THE
CRIMINAL OF TOMORROW.

By W. Lake

Observe carefully that group of prisoners marching off to their prison duties. Note well their faces and their attitudes. Do you notice anything peculiar? Yes, it is strange; they look and act normal don't they? You don't see quite what you expected to see do you? These men don't look like notorious criminals. They look like any average group of men. A few are still in their teens and hardly seem to be very far beyond the boyhood stage of their miserable lives. The only thing that impresses you with their differentness, is their dress; heavy blue caps, trousers and mackinaw type coats with a small patch of white over the heart and on the middle of the back. White patches that set these men apart as individuals...their prison number. Can you pick out the bank-robber, the safe-blower, the murderer? No! Chances are you would be far wrong were you to be so foolish as to judge men by their countenance alone. You wouldn't know who was the guard except for the uniform! Each man would have to be known to you to be certain he and not the next was the first offender. Some of these men smile easily; some laugh boisterously; some scowl in annoyance at some joke amongst them as they tramp off two abreast. And yet no one can maintain that these men are wholly normal. Not only their crimes but their case histories bespeak a carelessness of the consequences of their acts. Yet they are not insane; they suffer from no recognizable mental disease. But they do have one thing in common :
EARLY IN THEIR YOUNG LIVES MOST OF THEM WERE PROBLEM CHILDREN -----
JUVENILE DELIQUENTS.

: : : : : : : : : : : :

Darwinian Man, though well-behaved at best is only a monkey
shaved.

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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Different

By Sidney C. Smith.

I believe that it can be said without fear of contradiction that no one leaves this institution with the intention of returning. At any rate, no man can really prove otherwise.

However, all the good intentions in the world have to be accompanied by some material assistance. Men who have served two, five, ten or twenty years are in no condition to meet and mingle with society on a common level. As things stand now men serve their time in a more constructive manner than they did, say, five years ago. The introduction of the new Penal Reform program INSIDE these walls has enabled men to find outlets in sports, hobbies and various forms of recreation. There is no doubt that it had done much to clear the atmosphere "inside".

The stark, bare truth of the matter is that when a man is released from one of these places with his lonely ten dollars as the case may be, he faces a bleak,

strange and what appears to him to be a cruel world full of cruel people. The longer the sentence he has served, the stranger the world outside seems to be.

No one, except a person who has been released from one of these places, can attempt to explain the tremendous surge of loneliness which swirls up inside of the average dischargee as he "hits the street". He is not prepared for the sudden change of atmosphere. If he is lucky and has a home to go to, this sudden change is eased somewhat. Actually there are people in goodly numbers who are ready, willing and able to assist dischargees but the dischargee doesn't know this and it further adds to his loneliness. The crux of the matter is that, being convinced that he has nothing in common with what appears to him to be a strange, indifferent society, the dischargee turns in desperation to the people who will accept him without question. These people are usually under-

world characters who often as not are frequenters of dives and hang-outs, the level at which he can hold his own, even though, inwardly, this is what he wants to avoid.

There has to be a concerted effort by someone to offer help and advice. Promises are no good unless they are followed up materially. I know of what I speak because I ran the gamut of promised help the last time I was released from this institution. On the day of my release I was determined to try to help myself. I decided that I would try to re-enlist in the Army. On that day I was taken to the office of the local Prisoner's Welfare Officer. I explained my intention of trying to re-enlist. From there I went to Fort Osborne Barracks. I was interviewed by the Personnel Officer and pulled no punches. I told him where I had just come from. He didn't blink an eye, in fact, during the next few days of interviews, 'M' tests, etc., he went out of his way to procure my acceptance by Ottawa. In the interval while waiting a reply from Ottawa, I was encouraged by everyone who knew of my case and mind you, they were complete strangers, however, I suppose that bond between ex-servicemen existed. To make a long story short, after waiting about two weeks, my application was refused by Ottawa. At that time the Korean recruiting campaign was going full blast, but apparently, it had been decided by some master-mind in Ottawa, that the Koreans were more fussy than the Germans regarding what they shot at.

This disappointing turn of events forced me to return for assistance to the Local Prisoner's Welfare Office. I did this and explained what had happened. Before leaving the penitentiary I had been promised that I would receive room and board for a week or two to enable me to look into the employment situation. What I received was a letter addressed to the local Salvation Army Hostel, who in turn, handed me a one night's lodging and two meals at a local cafe situated in the heart of the district which for my own welfare, I must avoid. This generous assistance was repeated for a couple of days until, sick at the stomach and in the mind, I resolved that I couldn't take any more of this "help". I know you'll tell me that "beggars" can't be choosers, I in turn will tell you that it is not the intention of the government and people of Canada to turn people out of these places as "beggars". If such is the case, they might as well scrap their entire program.

In any event, I turned my back on this "so-called" assistance. I went hungry for a few days rather than face the fact that I must steal again. Mind you, this was in the winter time and jobs could not be had. I caught a bad cold and I suppose due to lack of nourishment, I became run down. At this time I was offered a job clearing brush outside of Winnipeg. This meant obtaining working clothes. I returned to the Prisoner's Welfare Officer. After explaining what I wanted, he took me into a room next door to his office and from bundles

(Con't on page 20)



By S. Severson

A recent four part article, the first part of which appeared in the January 15th. issue of the Winnipeg Tribune, states that the author, an ex-prison official, purposes to portray for the public a true picture of penitentiary life. We, on the inside of the big house, avidly read each instalment, but were greatly disappointed. The effort seemed--to put it mildly--a most feeble attempt even when allowances are made for the fact that the article was written by one whose attitude was shaped by twenty six years service served under a punitive penal administration.

To begin with, the article contained many inconsistencies and half truths--too many in fact for us to believe that the writer is very well acquainted with the truth. One statement, and I quote: -- "The black hole at Stony Mountain is nothing more than an isolated cell. It is the same as any other cell and contains the same kind of bed, fittings, and facilities. The only real hardship for the men sentenced to the hole is that he is deprived of certain privileges, including tobacco," unquote -- causes one to wonder if the author has served as an official at Stony Mountain. For the truth is that the punishment

cells are isolated in a separate block and bear no resemblance to the regular prison cells insofar as furnishings and beds are concerned. There are no furnishings other than a toilet and wash basin. The bed consists of a raised platform of oak which is cemented solidly to the floor. The door besides being barred, is effectively sound--proofed by a second wooden door. Men sentenced to punishment cells by Warden's court forfeit all privileges including rations. A subsistence diet is served consisting of five slices of dry bread thrice daily plus a daily ration of dry, cooked potatoes and dry oatmeal mush. A sentence of restricted diet may not exceed twenty-one consecutive days.

In all fairness, the disassociation cell block is a far cry from the old type of punishment cell. The cells are dry, scrupulously clean and air conditioned. But, on the other hand, incarceration in one of these cells proves a more severe punishment to some inmates than did the old type where conversation with fellow prisoners was possible.

Ex-prison official, in the second or third part of his article states that very few prisoners made any serious or legitimate

complaints about the treatment given them. I wonder, exactly what would constitute a legitimate complaint to Mr. Ex-Official? Can he, I wonder, recall the wave of protest riots by penitentiary inmates during the thirties? Or has he read a copy of the "Report of the Archambault Royal Commission Investigation Into Penal Conditions" which exposed the conditions leading up to these riots and pointed the way to present penal reform? I can very well believe few prisoners complained to Ex-Official. Possibly they were quite sure a complaint would be of no use.

Reading further, the impression deepens that the author has never seen the inside of this penitentiary or, as I said before, is not well acquainted with the truth. Take, for example, his statement that some prisoners prefer anonymity, prefer not to be

called by name and serve their sentence without fellow inmates learning their identity. Such a statement is pure, unadulterated rubbish! Each man's name and number is plainly and prominently printed on a card attached to his cell gate for all to see.

I disagree with many of the opinions held by the author of the aforementioned series, but, as an opinion is subject to argument, his could be right, mine wrong--- or vice versa. I do however, believe that an article appearing in a well read newspaper should at least be based on fact, or if fiction, plainly labelled such. No group is more anxious than we, the prisoners, to have John Public shown a true picture of the inside of the big house, but we do not want to see the picture distorted.

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EDITOR RESIGNS TO CONTINUE STUDIES.

With this issue I am resigning as Editor of Mountain Echoes. Certainly not because of any difference of opinion concerning policy nor because I feel that Mountain Echoes is a wasted effort. My prison sentence is coming to an end and I feel that I am justified in spending the last year in serious study preparing to take up the threads of my life in honest endeavour. Mountain Echoes is prepared and published on a part time basis aside from the regular duties of the editorial staff thus it leaves little time for study. In winding up my editorial detail for this month and from this issue onward I want to wish the editorial staff and the new editor my best wishes for every success in the future.

W.A. Lake, Editor.



THE DOLLAR

By A. Seguin

One of the highlights of the last budget was the abolition of excise stamps on cheques. To the ordinary working man in the comparatively low income bracket, this new ruling does not mean a thing; to those in higher income brackets and to the business man, it can be a considerable saving. Whatever it means in actual savings to the individual is open for question but the days of the square wide stamp, that legalized the issue of a cheque, are over.

It would appear, however, that the public, acting on the advice of Revenue Department Officials, are experiencing difficulties in converting into the cold cash the stamps they have on hand. According to the Winnipeg Free Press, red tape entanglements had not been cleared away even a week after the official announcement had been made that stamps are "as good as money" and could be converted into cash upon demand. By the time Mountain Echoes goes into circulation, the problem will undoubtedly be solved, but the meaning of "as good as money" remains to be determined. It is all very well to say "as good as money" but who will determine how good is money?

There evidently exists a relation between money and stamps in that they are both made of paper and, consequently, have a relative value in terms of paper

value. There, the similarity ends; the purpose of the stamp is as a tax levy where as the money is a medium of exchange. The stamp we are required to purchase by law but there is no existing law to guarantee the gold dollar value of your dollar bill.

On the face of a dollar bill we read: "Will pay to bearer on demand the sum of one dollar", or words to that effect--the absence of dollar bills in this institution makes it rather difficult to quote the exact wording. In theory, the dollar bill is a promissory note and we assume that the dollar value may be obtained in gold on demand. In practice, however, it is only a note which may be used as a medium of exchange; in presenting the dollar bill you will receive the value of one dollar in a certain commodity or service. In other words, the promise that payment will be made is rather indefinite and is actually not intended to be fulfilled.

Money, however, is not only a medium of exchange, it is also a standard of value. Since most exchanges take place through the medium of money, most commodities are compared with money. Thus the medium of exchange denotes the relative values of different commodities and their values in terms of money.

In the good old days, when the Income Tax Act did not exist and

prior to the transition from primitive to modern economy, the exchange of goods was done by the barter system. Under this system, the barber who needed a loaf of bread had to find a baker in need of a haircut and a baker who needed a haircut had to find a barber in need of a loaf of bread. When these two people who were in need of one another's services had come together, they did not always come to terms. The baker possibly considered that his loaf of bread was worth more than one haircut, while the barber was not always willing to give a haircut for a loaf of bread. Obviously this system created confusion as to the value of one commodity in terms of another, and the need was felt for the initiation of a medium of exchange whereby goods and services may be exchanged in a generally acceptable manner.

This medium of exchange could be almost anything, provided it had value in itself and a permanent usefulness. Cattle, slaves, leather, gold, paper and numerous other things have, in different countries and at different times, been used as mediums of exchange. They served just so long as their usefulness was felt and, in time, gave way to something else that became more generally accepted.

The chief reason why gold and silver eventually replaced all other commodities as medium of exchange was their intrinsic physical properties with which no other medium, previously used, could compare. Corn, for example, would be a bad standard of value due to its quality changing with every change of weather and other conditions affecting the harvest.

The storage of corn would also be a problem and the possibility of fermentation and 'corn juice' production would be a great factor in the fluctuation of standard of value. Unlike the corn, gold and silver, due to their great durability, are less subject to changes in physical properties and, eventually, were accepted as standard of value.

The introduction of gold and silver as a standard of value did not, however, minimize the difficulty of a readily available medium of exchange. Gold had to be coined in adopted value denominations that would be acceptable to every day needs. Obviously, people could hardly be expected to carry a "chunk" of gold and to cut off a piece now and again as the need arose, and a certain standard had to be established to give the relative value in terms of exchange of a certain weight in gold. Coining thus became the authoritative guarantee of weight and quality and the monopoly of coining process was assumed by the governments of different countries.

Here again we can readily imagine the difficulty of making large payments in coins. As the value of coins increases so does its weight and a large payment will necessarily consist of a considerable weight. Furthermore, modern economy teaches that it is a good policy for a government to curtail the use of gold coins, the reasons advanced are too numerous and involve too many theories of present-day economics to be discussed at this time.

It is now common knowledge that our government has long ago recalled gold coins and has repl-

(Con't on page 28)

SEQUEL



TO GRADING SYSTEM

By D. Cindler.

In my last article I have tried to show where the quota in a grading system could be a big factor in defeating its purpose. It is often said and generally conceded that if a person gains something worthwhile he strives to keep it. Psychologically, having something tangible to lose creates an alertness that is absent under other conditions. With a demerit system this alertness could be directed toward acquiring good basic habits. In time these habits would become automatic, establishing a foundation on which to build rehabilitation. Under a good grading system this would become the rule and not the exception.

It is with these principles in mind that I advocate a single rate of twenty-five cents per working day for all inmates, a maximum spending rate of 50% of total earnings coupled with the use of a demerit system with regard to grade qualifications. Exceeding the demerit maximum for a given time could constitute a suspension of pay for a definite time with only a customary package of tobacco obtainable. In losing any part of his earning power through behaviour or industry slackness the inmate would be advised as to his faults and

reminded to sharpen up. This of course excludes major infractions of rules and regulations which are of course settled in the Warden's court. In any event in order for any grading system to work satisfactorily, there must be no doubt as to existing opportunity in obtaining a preferred grade, and the two year man must become the yard stick. With the single rate demerit system both the administration and the inmate body would benefit besides simplifying bookkeeping no end. Continuing the system in effect, the quota should be removed and using the two year man as a yard stick it should become automatic -- that is unless circumstances prevent it. I advocate that all inmates during the first six months of their sentence should receive grade one; next nine months grade two; then should automatically move into grade three which gives a two year man four months in grade three before release. The circumstances preventing a man from automatically moving into the next grade would be directly affected by his conduct and industry.

With all doubts removed as to opportunity, then and only then can any grading system accomplish its purpose. @ @

THINGS I'D LIKE TO SEE

The guy who refuses his release because he wants to finish his course.

More people like Miss Francis Burns, who gives of her own time and effort in obtaining subscriptions to Mountain Echoes.

A harvest of Shamrocks and a happy, "Paddy's" Day to Pat, Mrs. Pat and little Mike for a grand effort.

Our Giants in the Winnipeg Men's Softball League this summer.

The guy who absconded with Bodnarchuk's teeth, get bit by same.

There are many "Things I'd Like to See"
Some are better left unsaid.
So, I think the guy in old N.B.
Should use another "Head".

Maurice Smith's face if the Blue Bombers don't win the Grey Cup after his winter of propaganda.

Audrey. . . .?

"Sagebrush" Hill and "Stonewall" Brown put on a violin-guitar duet.

Another concert like the one put on by Sandy and Marsh Phimister and Co. Also another entertainer who would be willing to come out here for thirty years to keep the boys happy as Sandy Phimister has done.

"Rover" quit acting the part and stop sniffing around.

The "Sharler" Ceretti swing as mean a bat this summer as he has a mop this winter.



HONOR

BRIGHT

By S. Severson

I am sitting in the "Greasy Spoon" cafe waiting for the "connection" to show when in walks "Jimmy the Louse". This character I do not choose to meet as he is never known to have penny one and is constantly on the mooch. Furthermore, rumour has it that he is not above stealing from a thief. I consider a fast fade away, but the "Louse" spots me first, plants himself on the stool next to mine, and immediately begins to cry on my shoulder.

"You know," he says, "I find out the hard way it does not pay to be a right guy."

I chuckle to myself wondering when he ever was. He continues:

"I suppose you hear of this last bit I shake in the county can? Well, everyone but the judge knows it's a bum beef yet I do six months. And all because of my honesty and kind heartedness."

"I do not mean to insult you, Jimmy," I state, "but I am willing to lay six to five you do not have a heart and can not even spell the word honesty let alone

know the meaning of it. In fact, I hear rumours your poor old mother eats baby food for some weeks because you once steal her store teeth while she sleeps."

With this he becomes most indignant and in an effort to prove his good citizen-ship relates the following account of the six-months enforced vacation, without pay, at government expense.

"I am strolling along, minding my own business, having just made a "sting" for a few fast bucks when I notice a pigskin "poke" lying in the gutter, (says he). It holds only an identity card, some papers, and a card stating the owner is blind. I figure the least I can do is return the wallet to its owner, especially as I am sympathetic toward the sightless and I would get no more than a buck for a second hand "poke" on the open market.

I knock at the address written on the card. No one is home. As I will again pass the house on my way to the pool hall next day, I pocket the pigskin figuring to

call then. I go home. That night I am dragged out of bed by two shamus, tossed into the "bucket" and charged with theft of one pig-skin wallet.

It appears that some unprincipled character kicks in the blind guy's house this same evening. Nothing is reported stolen, but the neighbors remember me calling in the afternoon. The coppers call or me, I have the wallet and am it.

I tell the judge about finding the "poke", and even produce a witness to testify I have it prior to the time of the burglary. This witness--my partner--further swears that I tell him of finding it before the time of the "kick-in". But I still am convicted. And why? Because I try to do

a good turn for a blind man and also because I fail to prove my whereabouts at the hour the burglary took place.

By this, you can see for yourself that honesty is not the best policy. From this time on I am through being a right guy."

"You get a bad break," I chime in, "but what beats me is why you do not prove you are elsewhere than at the blind man's house at the time of it is burglarized. Surely you can prove your whereabouts?"

"Prove an alibi," he answered, almost shouting. "Of course I can, and when I have a witness too. That is what hurts. All that night I am in bed with my partner's wife."

@ @

HARSH SENTENCES AS A CRIME DETERRENT IS AN ABJECT FAILURE

The great disparity of sentences for the same crime is readily apparent to anyone scanning the records in a prison. Some men receive two years and some ten for an identical offence. This great disparity of "Justice" is something that should be of grave concern to those in charge of the penal administration of this country. The matter of more or less crime has very little to do with the severity or lenience of the criminal courts....whether the lash and lengthy sentences are imposed or shorter terms and a modicum of interest taken in the welfare of the prisoner. It has been proven time and time again that it is impossible for a judge to set an example as a deterrent. THIS DOES NOT DETER.

ENTHUSIASM

OVERWHELMING!

By J. Greenhall

Recently, a personality was honoured by thousands of people, the majority of whom have never heard him speak----Butch Bouchard. A great hockey player, and better still a good sportsman. During the seasons he has played for his team he has displayed courage, spirit, and a will-to-win, but these are only a few of the qualities which go to make up such an esteemed character. To many of his devotees, some of whom have never worn a pair of skates, he is some kind of a demi-god who, when he is triumphant, so are they, and if he ever had a bad game, are quite prepared almost to die in defence of his name.

Bouchard, is one of the few who attain fame and fortune and public acclaim, but, for every Bouchard there are a few hundred others who although never making the grade, are still a success. An old proverb says "Men were born originals, let us not die copies."

It isn't necessary to be an exceptionally good hockey player, or a star of the gridiron to be a success, the main object is that everyone is supposedly on this earth for a purpose, but to attain anything, the first thing we

must realize is that just as in sports, we must be part of a team. It doesn't take a lot of imagination to understand that everyone is a member of a team, each one a cog in the vast machinery of the world and unless we are prepared to fit into our own small part the only thing left is the scrap heap and as we all know, the eventual end of scrap is ignominy and worthlessness, unless of course the odd piece of scrap can be salvaged and used again. Today the "pens" are full of human scrap, discarded from the normal workings of the country's social and economic machinery, and unless some kind of effort is shown by the "scrap" to adjust itself to the normal tempo of the modern world the eventual result is a swift return to the Junk Yard and as we all know, under the existing laws, if a person visits the Junk Yard too often, he is eventually discarded, thrown out and forgotten. (Habitch)

Since the day that I was privileged to become a member of the Penological Fraternity I have heard various theories advanced by the self-appointed lawyers and magistrates of P.O., Box 101. One genius went as far as to say that

almost every member of our fraternity is a sick person, (Physic, of course) and his solution to the whole problem is in the appointment of a Phrenologist instead of a Magistrate. He admits that he must be sick, otherwise he would still be on the outside. Strangely enough this is his third "bit", and although when he was out the last time it never occurred to him to visit a doctor. It appears, that when he is out, he feels fine, but when he gets caught, he's sick....Maybe my memories of the outside are still too vivid, but I can still remember that if I felt sick at any time, there are two solutions: i.e., a visit to the doctor, or to the drug store for patent medicine, and I'm still under the impression that

it's a damned good idea, and if I'm ever "fortunate" enough to renew my membership of the local fraternity, the only answer will be that I was either too smart or too dumb.

Until now the country's penal systems have never really interested me, and my first introduction to the 'Mountain' was one night last spring passing in a car along the highway:- "What's that place over there, Mac?"

"Oh, that's the Penitentiary."

"Doesn't look very cheerful, does it? Pass that bottle of beer."

As you can see, my enthusiasm was overwhelming, and that I hope is going to be the sum total of my interest after this little bit.

@ @

Husband: "You know, my wife and I have been married for twenty five years and we still hold hands."

Friend: "Isn't that fine. How do you account for it?"

Husband: "We are afraid to let go. We may kill one another!"

"She laughed when I sat down to play. How was I to know she was ticklish?"

--Trap

"Jack makes me tired."

"It's your own fault, dear. You shouldn't keep running after him."

--Firebox

TINY BITS

By Rover

When the Royals defeated the Beavers, Coach Porkins was asked between periods as to how his team would fare in the second half. And we quote:

"Not a thing to worry about! It's in the bag!"

But for some reason that remains unexplained, he did not reckon with the ability of Cox, for lo and behold the Beavers wound up in the bag as they were shellacked to a four nothing tune.

(It is rumoured that Cox had the whole Beaver personnel petrified with fear with his razzle-dazzle.)

Harry Slavin informed this corner that if the name of Harry Slavin ever appeared in the pages of Mountain Echoes, we would have a law suit on our hands.

Okay, Harry. We have informed the Echoe staff that the name of HARRY SLAVIN was never to appear in our pages again.

(You'll be sorry! Especially when you want us to advertise your Petit Point Shop!)

Willy Unrow says that he can beat Eddy Haas in the game of Casino anytime, anywhere, anyplace. That I'll have to see, and even when Eddy doesn't use his own cards.

Do you really milk the cow, Buck?

Lately the papers have been

centered upon Stalin's condition in Russia. Many of the words written have said that if he should die there would be a universal dilemma and with such monikers as: Malenkov, Molotov, Balenkoff and Babbushka, (all good Irish names) I can well believe. While the Commies are in the news, not a word has been said about the poor colored waiter who just because he dropped a platter of roast turkey created a continental disaster. No, sir, not one word was written about him. And when this happened it was the fall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the ruin of Africa and the breaking up of China.

Saw old Dick polishing his bald head the other day....Johnny Nolan shoveling snow on the Quarry.....Leo "The Lion" waxing the floor and Eugene "Balloon" making eyes at George Powers.

It seems that Sidney "The Trunk" Smith has always got his eye on my business. No matter where I go, or what I do, or what I see, he knows all about it. And he has the audacity to refer to me as a snoop! Imagine da noive of da guy! And no matter how much I attempt to avoid him, his snout has got me sniffed out. I'm a beat sucker!

A sight for sore eyes: Saw Billy Ramage uncork a left hook which floored "Tubby" Pearson.



BEST OF THEM ALL

By N. Hanlon

An enthusiastic audience viewed the finest concert that this walled castle has played host to for a long time. Every entertainer that appeared in the show received a tremendous hand. To say that one act was better than another would be to utter an untruth. The spectators responded to the show with the loudest ovation ever heard in this domain of stone and steel.

Marsh Phimister was the Master of Ceremonies. With his able hand guiding the show it really took off and rolled.

Del Wagner, drummer, Al Sprintz on the sax and clarinet, Wally Gresco accordianist, Marsh Phimister on the bass fiddle and Monte Levine, Guitarist had the place weaving and rocking with their jump tunes.

Comedian Bob Byron with his impersonations and ready wit had the audience in continual spasms of laughter. "Andree" the female impersonator nearly brought the roof down with his pantomining of Patti Pages' "I Came To Your Wedding". He was aided by a concealed record player.

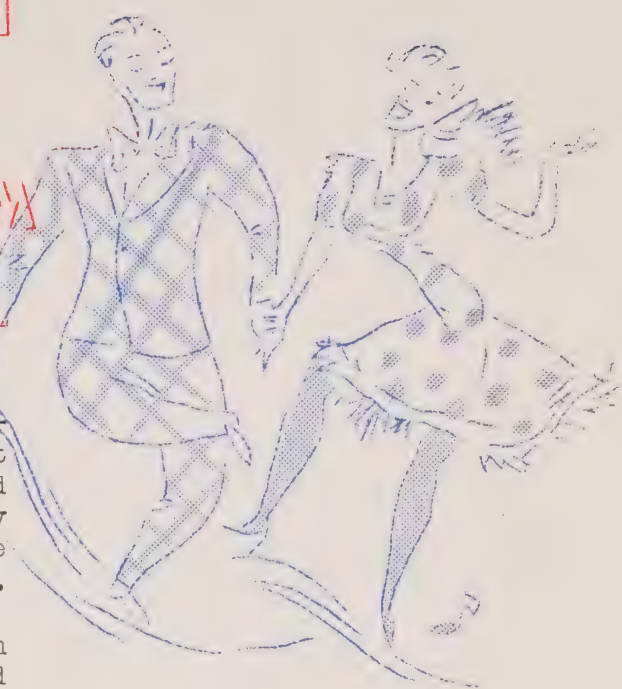
Sandy Phimister, father of Marsh, and a frequent visitor out

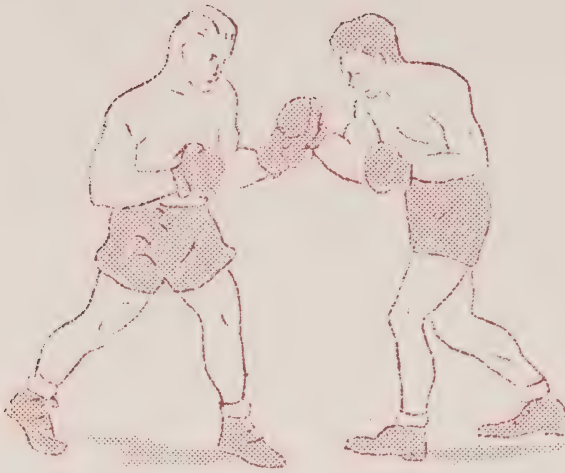
here, received a big hand when he made his appearance with his Caldonian humour.

The five man orchestra are also first rate comedians and their antics throughout the show were riotous and mirth provoking to say the least.

Jack Stacey made an impromptu appearance and his interpretation of the English song, "A Penny A Pitch" went over with a bang. This entertainer incidentally is a member of the Winnipeg Police Force, a fact that he made known before he went into his act.

The Winnipeg Police Association presented this show, and the applause that was accorded Jack Stacey will say more than any words how much this show was appreciated. @@





BOXING & WRESTLING

By Norman Hanlon

ied the fight the rest of the round. The second stanza resulted in a draw as they wailed at each other from bell to bell. In the last round, Wayne seemed to tire and Miller evened things up. The verdict of the officials was a draw.

Bout number two was a match between a champion of Manitoba and an ex-champ. As can be expected when two top-notchers meet in the ring there was action galore. The old maxim of, "Champions never return" held good and the present holder of the title staved off the challenger and was awarded the decision. The champion is Lloyd Sutton and the former king is Steve Legge.

Ronnie Peppin and Laurie Webb, middleweights, held the spotlight in the third bout. This bout was savagely contended for the entire three rounds. Ill feeling between these two boys was in evidence and when Webb received the decision, Peppin bounced a shot off his noggin. In my opinion the bout was very close and the worst that Peppin should have been handed was a draw.

A boxing and wrestling show was presented here at the Mount - ain on Sunday, Feb. 15. Two wrestling bouts and three boxing bouts completed the card.

Bobby Jones, a frequent visitor here, started the ball rolling by opposing a local professional grappler, All "Crusher" Kornberg. Bobby seems to run into tough luck every time he shows here and this bout was no exception. Crusher won the match at the 10:20 mark. Kornberg has yet to be defeated at the Mountain.

Harold Nelson's opponent in the second bout was Dave Burnett. They wrestled here on a previous occasion as partners in a tag team match. This time they looked like anything but friends as they repeatedly tossed each other out of the ring. Nelson finally pinned Burnett at the 25:42 mark.

BOXING

Everet Miller vs Jimmy Wayne.

This fight started off at a fast clip and the first round saw Wayne on the canvas for a count of three. Wayne rallied and carr-

Referee for the fights was Steve Trojack. Judges were: Dika, Lavery, Clark.

Moose Rohr officiated in the wrestling events, while Frank Townsend was Master of Ceremonies.

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(IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT, Con't.)

of cast-off clothes he gave me a suit of underwear. That's all.... Needless to say, I did not take the job. At two o'clock the next morning I was carried out of a local hotel room and taken to the Victoria Hospital with pneumonia.

While recovering from this illness I had plenty of time to think over the succession of events which had led to my admittance to the hospital. I was disgusted and more than a little discouraged. While in the hospital I received a lot of visitors who expressed sympathy and another list of promises. On my release from the hospital, some eighteen pounds lighter, I once again through weakness and urgency reported to the local Prisoner's Welfare Officer. I felt sure that in view of the hospital promises, he would find me room and board at least until I regained some of my strength. He brushed me off with a letter to the City Welfare Office. Let's look at the picture for just a moment, here I was, just released from an eighteen day siege with pneumonia, my first day out of the hospital, considerably weaker and in no condition to go to work. Instead of digging into Prison Welfare Funds in this apparent emergency, I was side-tracked to the City Welfare Branch. Weaker than a cat, I had to walk across the city in wintry weather and then sit for some two hours while an official fired question after question at me. Finally, I told him point blank my situation and that being so weak, I could not carry on this endless conversation much longer. He sent me to a "so-called" rooming-house where I was allotted a

bed in a corner of a dormitory-like room containing six beds, peopled by old men who had apparently reached the bottom....That was it for me....I gave up....I left and went to where I would be accepted, "Millionaires Row" on Market Street. From there, it was only a matter of time until I was serving another sentence.

Please understand, this is no "Voice in the Wilderness" crying for sympathy or attempting to build up an alibi for my return to this institution. I am not relating this set of events because they happened to me. I am trying to emphasize the fact that it could happen to any person discharged from this institution. During the course of my visits to this Welfare Association, I came in contact with numerous men who had been discharged from this place. I can truthfully state that NOT ONE expressed satisfaction with his "lot". The fact that they had to return for help proved their point.

During my short stay "outside", I came in contact with kindness which was offered voluntarily and not by any appointed Welfare Officer. My need was recognized by several members of a Winnipeg A.A. Group, who went out of their way to aid me after my experience with the persons I figure should have helped me. I'm honest enough to admit that I repaid A.A. help with ingratitude and strangely enough, I've never been more ashamed of anything in my life. However, the thing which sticks in my mind is the fact that my help came from other sources, not from those who are qualified and endowed to do so.

There comes a certain moment in this life of criminal activities when each individual decides that he's had enough. Maybe my moment has arrived. If it has and when my term expires, can I look forward to something more solid and inviting than a flop in a hostel dormitory and a couple of two-bit meals until I can get on my feet and obtain gainful employment? I've tried to make allowances. I've tried to decide that maybe I look like an habitual criminal and that when I approach people they decide immediately that I'm beyond anything more deserving than a flop in a hostel. But what about the other guys who will leave here looking forward to help? Can they be assured of it? Has the local Welfare Officer permitted his years as a law court judge to influence his thinking? I honestly feel that he views our individual approach with skepticism and immediately consigns us to a mental niche in which he has filed all persons who have been criminally inclined.

I concede that in the course of a month many persons pass in review before him. Some of these are insincere and looking for a soft touch, but can't he realize that a man just leaving a place of this kind is not fitted to step out and compete with the out-

side world on even terms after years of prison life without assistance? Couldn't a meeting or meetings be arranged where the dischargee could be given advice and counsel? Some attempt be made to dispell that loneliness which weighs heavily on him? Don't send him to a hostel situated in the heart of a district which any ex-inmate must avoid. Don't leave it to the A.A. to do the work of the Prisoner's Welfare Organization. Believe it or not, we are not proud of our inability to cope with a situation which must be met. We don't enjoy accepting this charity, we know we have a struggle on our hands upon our release. Nothing worthwhile was ever gained without a struggle. Add a little counsel to your material assistance, for we need advice. Maybe it would make us feel a little more human and not so much a dusty file card pulled out of your index system each time we are released from prison. Some of us will fail, maybe more than once but believe me, a lot of us will make good. Even the ones who fail will make the big decision sooner or later. When they do and if the Prisoner's Welfare has been instrumental in their success, both parties have achieved a purpose.

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Many a bosom companion turns out to be a false friend.

WHAT PRICE REHABILITATION?

By R. Belloff

[or the last eighteen months, since the first issue of this magazine appeared, several articles have been printed, dealing with the all-important question of "Rehabilitation". There is certainly not the slightest doubt, that besides "crime prevention" the most important second object of modern trends of penology is the question of rehabilitation of those who have served their time and are ready to take their position as responsible citizens in society again.

While many of the suggestions of the Archambault Report have been implemented during the last few years, as far as conditions inside the Canadian Penitentiaries are concerned, nothing constructive has been done towards rehabilitation of those who have served their time in them. We are fully aware that good work has been done by the John Howard Society in respect to released prisoners, (There is no John Howard Society in the province of Manitoba) but the limited funds of this Society make it impossible for them to do the job as it should be done. Moreover, men who have to start over again in life, are

not looking for charity but for work, and if at all possible, for work in their trades or professions.

The apathy of the general public and the distrust of business on the whole towards released prisoners make it practically impossible for those men to find suitable work, even if they are highly skilled in their trades. Here is the biggest obstacle to a successful solution of this rehabilitation problem. It has been proven in the last few years that organizations which interest themselves in people with a problem like alcoholism or drug addiction and which are mainly composed of those who have gone through the same difficulties as those they want to help, can do a tremendous and successful job towards helping these unfortunates and not only putting them on the right path, but also keeping them there.

It is of course impossible to do this in exactly the same way with ex-convicts. However, an organization, composed of civic leaders in all walks of life, who sincerely are interested in the problems of these men, could do the work that has to be done in order

to make useful citizens out of those who have at one time fallen by the way.

All the good that at present is being done by the new treatment of prisoners in Canadian penitentiaries will come to nothing, unless the public realizes that treatment should not end when the sentence is completed. On the contrary, that is the time when it should be intensified. At present, a man who is released from a penitentiary, hits the streets with very little money and in many cases no job. The present assistance organizations available to him for help are in no position to give this help in such a way that he can settle down and work. They have no jobs to give and most men are not interested in charity but want another chance which will keep them out of trouble. If the released man tries to hide his past and finds a job, he lives in a continuous nightmare of his past catching up with him. If on the other hand he confesses to a prospective employer his past he usually is sent away with a shrug. Here is where an organization is necessary, which will look after the man, first, by giving him a job and secondly by following up this initial action in advising him in the many problems that are bound to arise in his new life.

Modern society goes to all kinds of troubles to save a life. This too is lifesaving. Give a man work he is interested in, restore his pride in his own achievements, and you have a happy and a healthy man, who in the overwhelming majority of cases would never again get into trouble with the law. Only those who

have actually experienced a penitentiary term can appreciate what is at stake when they are released. Naturally we will have always those with us who just don't want to work and would rather make the easy buck even if they have to go back to prison. However, just because there are incorrigibles, why should all released prisoners be condemned for the rest of their lives. Having talked to many men who returned for a second or third time to the penitentiary, I know that in many cases they only came back because they just didn't have a chance; nobody was interested enough to give them a chance; there was no agency which would make it its business to help and advise these men. Here is a gap which must be filled if the modern treatment of penitentiary prisoners is to be successful.

I have said before, that this organization should be composed of civic leaders..leaders in business and the professions, and I am sticking my neck out in suggesting that there also should be men in it who have served time and who have proven that they have successfully rehabilitated themselves. These men would know the score, they could help in advising released men in the ways to be successful in their new lives, as they would have the actual experience to draw on. Just like in A.A. the secret of the success of this organization is that they have men who have actually experienced the problems, so in the rehabilitation of released prisoners there would be better results if men who actually were in the same spot once could participate in this work.

Much has been said about Amnesty being granted to inmates of prisons throughout Canada and even though the occasional editorial and article has been written commenting on its happening, we are still in doubt. But come June we shall know whether it be fact or fiction. The following poem written by one of our Editorial staff, long since departed, seems to us to be appropriate at this time.

The Rumor

I know it's not a rumor;
I heard it in the yard;
I got it from another con
Who got it from a guard
Who got it from a lifer
Just the other day;
So I know it's not a rumor
No matter what you say.

It just can't be a rumor
Cause when I asked the "Hack"
He looked at me so knowingly
It's gotta be a fact.
The guys are laying two to one;
So I know it must be true;
But don't tell anyone;
I'm only telling you.

No, it isn't any rumor,
It's just another hope,
That the convict needs for living
Like the hop-heads needs his dope.
It's really just a wishful dream
That springs from unshed tears;
That keeps the guy from going nuts
And helps him do his years.

CITIZENS'

FORUM

By R. Belloff

In the last few weeks, through the efforts of Steve Severson, an attempt has been made to establish a "Citizens' Forum" in this institution. This Forum is to take the place of the Sunday morning Bible Class, which had for some time already been used as a Study Group on topics interesting to the inmates.

This writer attended on Sunday, Feb. 22nd. when the "Colombo Plan" was discussed. For an institution with nearly 400 inmates the attendance was ridiculous. Just about 20 men were present. It is of course hard to say whether this small turn-out was caused by insufficient publicity or by a general disinterest in the topic of the day, let's assume it was the former. At the meeting itself the speaker explained the purpose of the Colombo Plan and he was well informed on his subject. However, audience interest in the subject was only lukewarm and before long it became apparent that these discussions should be handled differently. In order to interest any audience in any given subject, it is necessary to point

out how the subject under discussion affects the individual. I am quite sure that had the speaker shown his audience the affects the Colombo Plan has on Canada and Canadians, interest would have been high. The same applies of course to any subject under discussion.

Citizens' Forum has been instituted by the Canadian Association for Adult Education. It is, in the writer's opinion, an excellent way to bring topics of the day to us in here, provided the speakers who are assigned to these subjects will remember that in order to keep their audience interested, they should treat any and all subjects discussed in a way that will show the affects these subjects have on the individual in the audience. If they will do that I am sure that there is a sufficient number of adults in this institution to make Citizens' Forum one of the most worthwhile and interesting activities in here, one which will be of lasting benefit to all those who participate in it.

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You usually can tell when a high school boy is crazy about a girl by the way she calls him up every evening.

DO YOUR OWN THINKING

from Ohio Penitentiary News via Time.

"That Kid," said a four-time loser, nodding toward a particularly boisterous young man, "was born to die in prison." A blood-chilling expression that---born to die in prison! Of course, the oldtimer had used the phrase merely as a figure of speech---probably seeing much in the young man to remind him of his own boisterous youth, and the expression but a sigh for another boy whom he judged to be doomed to a life, and perhaps death, in prison.

In the day, weeks and months that followed, I caught myself making opportunities to exchange a few words with the youngster. I probed at his thinking and pried into his past. In time, I became convinced that the oldtimer was wrong. The kid didn't have the makings of an habitual criminal. He was adventurous-minded, overflowing with youthful energy, but not criminal-minded. He had stolen an automobile and "kicked" in a grocery and drug store here and there. A rather wild youngster, but not the criminal which the oldtimer's "born to die in prison" would have caused me to believe--had I taken his judgment without question.

Incidentally, I received a Christmas card from "the kid". He's doing very well in New York

State, a good job, married, buying a small home, and shortly to be blessed with a bundle from heaven.

Here is the point all this has been leading up to:

We humans tend to think as do our small circle of friends and acquaintances. In so doing, we often abandon deep principles and true beliefs, especially if the current trend of that group's thought is contrary to our own. We do this, knowing that seldom are the thoughts, beliefs and motives of the majority questioned. We fear that, if we persist in upholding our own thoughts in the face of obvious overwhelming, ridiculed, laughed at, scorned.

Supposing, just supposing, our thoughts tell us to respect our country's laws, while the majority of our friends preach disrespect for those laws. They may put forth the argument that all laws are yokes for yokels; that all laws were made only to be broken---you know the group and arguments as well as I do. Often, such reasoning coming from all directions overwhelms us and we meet them in silence. We do not argue against such logic, fearing ridicule. We know better, we tell ourselves, and continue to listen in silence.

Strangely, despite the firm-

ness of our beliefs, we find ourselves becoming infected with a disrespect for all laws. We throw our lot in with the majority of our friends (acquaintances would be a better word, since a friend usually has no desire to influence us erroneously), and begin a systematic law-breaking campaign, with deep-seated contempt for all laws and its representatives.

And then we wake up in prison. At least some of us wake up; others just add more fuel to the fire which consumes them.

For those who do wake up, there begins the long and often painful process of straightening our warped thinking. Some have called it rehabilitation. To escape from quicksand is not always easy, the struggle depending on how deep we have sunk.

The criminal's contempt for law cannot be corrected through the passage of additional laws. Rehabilitation does not come of its own accord as soon as the gate slams behind the prisoner. Neither does it come with years of solitary confinement, severe punishment, light punishment, education---nor through any other agent employed by any prison in the world. Rehabilitation must

first come as a desire, a fervent desire, from deep inside the being of the individual. We will be rehabilitated, not when we have served a given number of years, nor when we are released into the "free world". We will begin rehabilitation at the precise moment of our awakening to the futility of our criminal thinking and living.

Let's imagine what happens within us when we realize we are wrong---when rehabilitation begins:

We start taking mental journeys back over the roads of our thinking, searching the ruts, looking for the original thoughts mirrored in the muck of illogic. We recall bits of "right thinking", cast out for the wrong. We then begin to think for ourselves. We realize that hundreds can be wrong, while one is right. Rehabilitation has begun!

Our future is in our own minds; no argument can shatter this truth. We have a past---in most cases a better one, one that should have taught us a thing or two---but we also have a future. That future is entirely in our hands---no one was BORN TO DIE IN PRISON!

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WATCH FOR THE NEW
MOUNTAIN ECHOES

(THE DOLLAR, Con't.)

aced them with paper currency. This paper money of different denominations is being circulated because the government forces its debtors to accept it and authorizes them to settle their debts with it also. It is also common knowledge that the so-called dollar bill with its supposed value of one dollar in gold may not be exchanged for gold. It retains its one dollar value in gold as long as it is in circulation, will be replaced when worn out, and will never lose any of its value as long as the gold market value remains at a constant level.

This dollar bill, nevertheless is only a paper just like the stamp and the statement of the Revenue Department Official that the stamp is "as good as money", is true to the extent that the money is paper and may be converted into gold only if and when the government wishes.

By the stroke of a pen, this paper currency may become abso-

lutely worthless----history has proven that repeatedly. Gold, on the other hand, might fluctuate in market value but its intrinsic physical properties may not be altered.

Evidently the possibility of the value of paper currency becoming worthless is very remote and does not seem to cause any undue worries to the man in the street. Naturally, people are more interested in whatever paper currency represents as a medium of exchange than in the value of the paper itself or the decrease in value of the dollar bill.

Admittedly, paper money is a very useful and very desirable commodity. Yet, the loss of money, if not controlled, may cause a lot of grief---as may be evidenced in our every day life.

In his "Elegy", Thomas Gray wrote: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave". Perhaps we could add "And the love of money but to the Pen."

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WPG. MONARCH'S JRS. & JUV'S VISIT MOUNTAIN

The Winnipeg Monarch's Junior Hockey team paid a visit here on February 8th. and skated off with a one-sided 11 to 1 victory. On Sunday, Feb. 22. The Monarch Juv-eniles repeated their big brother teams' victory by a 9 to 5 score. The first game was strictly no contest, while the second game had its moments from the All-Star standpoint and it looked like

they might possibly be the winners. The last period told the tale and the Monarchs rammed in four goals to sew up the contest. Although they left with the victories, they left behind them a lot of people who were deeply appreciative of the opportunity of seeing these two great teams in action.

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BLUE LINE BANTER

By Norman Hanlon

A LEAGUE FINAL STANDINGS

TEAM	GP	W	T	L	TP
Bombers	6	5	0	1	10
Redwings	6	3	1	2	7
Monarchs	6	1	2	3	4
Hawks	6	1	1	4	3

LEADING SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	GOALS	ASSISTS	TOTAL POINTS
Stubbs	Monarchs	13	3	16
Bird	Bombers	11	4	15
Hunt	Hawks	9	5	14
Karchesky	Bombers	7	6	13
Welburn	Hawks	7	5	12
Crossman	Bombers	3	7	10
Benning	Bombers	4	6	10

B LEAGUE FINAL STANDINGS

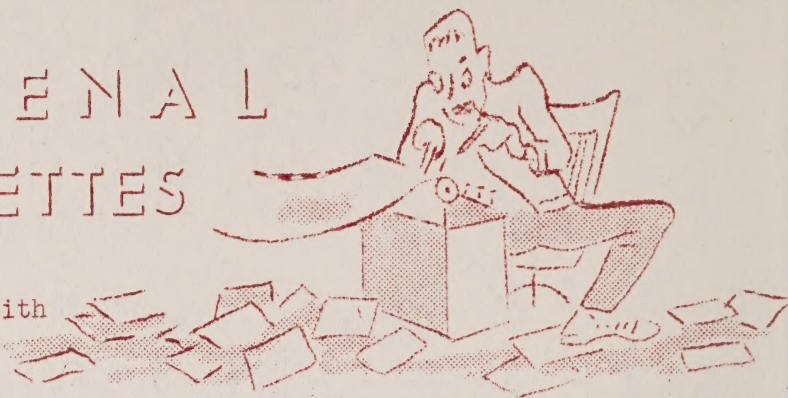
TEAM	GP	W	T	L	TP
Beavers	7	6	1	0	13
Rockets	7	4	0	3	8
Royals	7	1	2	4	4
Tigers	7	1	1	5	3

LEADING SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	GOALS	ASSISTS	TOTAL POINTS
Blacklock	Beavers	9	5	14
Popowich	Beavers	4	4	8
Smith	Beavers	5	3	8
Berrigan	Beavers	2	4	6
Enns	Rockets	3	2	5
Nolan	Royals	2	3	5
Michalski	Rockets	2	3	5

PENAL ECHO-ETTES

By S.C. Smith



LANEDALE NEWSY NEWS:

Whatza mat? Come on gals, give with the issues. We keep reading about your issues but never have read one. Ladies first, is our motto so we sent you one of ours.

THE FEM. DEPT. K.P. TEIESCOPE:

You state that the London Prison Farmer is the only exchange you receive regularly.....Sorry, gals, we'll see you receive one of ours each month...We like your Dept.

THE S.P.S.M. SPECTATOR:

Noted in your Feb. 14th issue you listed Penal Exchanges which could be had for a buck a year. We were notable by our absence. We will also give you twelve copies for one buck per year. Best regards to Hannibal.

LONDON PRISON FARMER:

Thanks, Duke, your bouquets are welcome. As fairly recent arrivals on the Penal Press Parade it feels good to be noticed. We especially like your remarks about Bill Lake who has worked so hard towards attempting to make us grow.

BAROMETER:

Noted your remarks in a Penal Exchange. We are perfectly willing to call shots, just send us the

issues. You're on our list now. Shoot right back.

We look forward to exchanges with eagerness. By studying the growth of others one can improve his own stature. We have sent copies to the following, but have received none in reply? Ehat's the matter?

Alabama Pen Point,

Inner World,

Terrescope,

Seagozette,

Atlantian,

We're still looking.....?

K.P. TEIESCOPE:

Old Salty, twenty pounds heavier and just as salty is still carrying on for dear old Broadview. When last seen, Steve was thinking up new ideas for soap manufacture. Like that Master Diplomat, "Stewy" they had to "join 'em". Jack Grady's views on the visiting question is an echoe of our own. I guess the feeling is mutual right through.

A scaly toad on freedom's road,
I would sooner be--
Than a slave from birth to grave
Not knowing liberty.

But bound, I stand, both feet and hand;
And here's the reason why--
I dare did take for hunger's sake
A crust of bread, 'twas dry.

But of course, I've no remorse
For my committed sin,
These great doors shut, cause law of gut
Has surely turned me in.

His life He gave, for them the slave
And also for the thief.
That men of earth and Christian birth
Should never know of grief

They vanquish not the soul they caught
Though the body suffers pain,
The earth I seek, blessed are the meek;
I proudly bear my shame.

--Wild Oscar Sherbuck.

